But long ſhee thinkes till he returne againe,
And yet the dutious vaſſall ſcarce is gone,
The wearie time ſhee cannot entertaine,
For now tis ſtale to ſigh, to weepe, and grone,
So woe hath wearied woe, mone tired mone,
That ſhee her plaints a little while doth ſtay,
Pawſing for means to mourne ſome newer way.

At laſt ſhee cals to mind where hangs a peece
Of skilfull painting, made for PRIAMS Troy,
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For HELENS rape, the Cittie to deſtroy,
Threatning cloud-kiſſing ILLION with annoy,
VVhich the conceipted Painter drew ſo prowd,
As Heauen (it ſeem'd) to kiſſe the turrets bow'd.

A thouſand lamentable obiects there,
In ſcorne of Nature, Art gaue liueleſſe life,
Many a dry drop ſeem'd a weeping teare,
Shed for the ſlaughtred husband by the wife.
The red bloud reek'd to ſhew the Painters ſtrife,
And dying eyes gleem'd forth their aſhie lights,
Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.

There

There might you ſee the labouring Pyoner
Begrim'd with ſweat, and ſmeared all with du
And from the towres of Troy, there would ap
The verie eyes of men through loop-holes th
Gazing vppon the Greekes with little luſt,
Such ſweet obſeruance in this worke was
That one might ſee thoſe farre of eyes loo

In great commaunders, Grace, and Maieſtie,
You might behold triumphing in their faces;
In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie,
And here and there the Painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling pa
VVhich hartleſſe peaſaunts did ſo wel reſem
That one would ſwear he ſaw them quake &

In AIAX and VLYSSES, ô what Art
Of Phiſiognomy might one behold!
The face of eyther cypher'd eythers heart,
Their face, their manners moſt expreſſie told,
In AIAX eyes blunt rage and rigour rold,
But the mild glance that ſlie VLYSSES len
Shewed deepe regard and ſmiling gouern